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ST. NIL, AND HIS SON, ST. THÉODULE.

In the early ages of the church, when men were strong in faith, multitudes withdrew from the busy haunts of men to the deserts of Egypt and Arabia, to "work out their salvation with fear and trembling," in the practice of austerities which affright the feeble natures of modern days. These men realized the end for which they were sent into the world—they knew *one thing* only was needful to save their souls, and they knew that the glories of heaven must be purchased by sacrifice, that they could only reach that happy land "through much tribulation," that there was but one way to it, the way of the cross, the way which Jesus walked in, "leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." How will these men rise in judgment against this generation? How many believe in their inmost hearts, that the Catholic church is the church of the living God, and yet will not enter that church because they *might* lose the affection of their friends and relations. They cannot trust that God who holdeth the hearts of all men in his hands; or, they fear for their pecuniary interest, they cannot trust that God who tells them, "the silver and the gold are mine." They would possess happiness and glory so great that no eye hath seen it, no heart hath conceived it, and they would not sacrifice the dross of the earth, the love of a creature, to obtain it. They would not trust themselves in the hands of the God of power, the God of love. Oh, shame, shame.

In the early ages of the church, before "the love of many had waxed cold," there lived in Constantinople a man of noble family, whose high birth and noble qualities, made him be elevated to the rank of Governor of the city, under the Emperor Theodosius the Great. He was married to a lady worthy of him, not only from her rank but also from her virtue, and God gave them two sons. The world smiled on them—great riches, high rank, children who were all that heart could wish, so that their domestic happiness could not be exceeded in this beautiful and fascinating world.

But whatever the modern religions may teach in practice, if not in theory, this was not the state to which God called his saints. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth *every* son whom he receiveth." God demanded great sacrifices from this family, because he would lead them to a high degree of sanctity, and he prepared them by secret and interior lights, which showed them the vanity of their transitory enjoyment, and disgusted them with it; for what can satisfy, what can fill an immortal soul but God alone, God alone.

It is believed that the preaching of St. John Chrysostome, (the golden mouth,) led to this happy result. St. Nil being determined to quit the world, it was necessary to obtain the consent of his wife; and she who as a Christian woman had been submissive to him in all things, did not fail in this hour of trial, although it cost her many tears, for death would have been almost as easy to bear. But God had great designs on St. Nil and his son, whom he would render victims of his love and reign undisputed master of their hearts, and he gave grace and strength to this family, to enable them to follow his inspirations. St. Nil left one of his sons to console his wife, and set out with his other son Théodule, and it is these two whose history is recorded in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert.

The asylum he chose to save himself from the dangers of the world was Mount Sinai, which continued to be sanctified by the residence of many anchorites who led a life altogether celestial. It was to live in this heavenly company, that St. Nil had quitted all the world holds most dear and precious; his wife, his son, his friends and relations, his dignities, his riches—he had sacrificed all for him who abandoned his throne of glory to be made man and to save sinners. But, even in this life, God never fails to give the hundred fold for every sacrifice made from love to him. St. Nil had despoiled himself of earthly things, had embraced a life of unceasing mortification and prayer, and God rewarded him with that peace, that joy which passeth all understanding, with the gift of prophecy, with great authority over the spirits of evil, which he exercised for the glory of God and the good of souls. He lived many years in the repose of his solitude, although sometimes subjected to violent struggles with the powers of darkness, who would enter his cell making a fearful noise and hissing; sometimes they appeared in the form of barbarians who would slay him, sometimes as wild beasts who would devour him, and not unfrequently they beat him unmercifully, but he was neither troubled nor frightened. Many solitaries suffered the same things, yet they despised rather than feared such enemies, furnishing themselves

with the arms of faith and prayer, and the sign of the cross, which made the evil ones disappear like smoke. God permitted these struggles that his servants might be exercised in patience and gain merits for heaven. St. Nil was insensible to such vexations, but it was not so when he saw God offended, or his church persecuted. When St. Chrysostome was banished from Constantinople through the machinations of the Arians, he strongly remonstrated with the Emperor Arcade, who, terrified by the extraordinary marks of divine anger, had recourse to the prayers of St. Nil. The day St. Chrysostome was banished, the church and part of the city were destroyed by fire from heaven. Soon after a great hail destroyed the country, and when the greatest enemy of the saint, the Empress Eudoxia, died, it seemed as if the earth refused to receive her, so frequent were earthquakes around her grave.

The same zeal which induced St. Nil to undertake the defence of this holy man, led him also to attack the Arians and sustain the purity of the faith ; his letters prove that he was not less enlightened in the doctrine of the church, than signalized for the sanctity of his conduct. He foretold the disastrous end of many who stood foremost in the ranks of heresy.

God had given such a great reputation to his servant, that he was consulted by the persons most distinguished for learning or high rank; but as we have already said, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," the fine gold has been purified by fire.

His son Théodule was yet young, although he had resided several years in the desert with his father. It happened one day that they descended Mount Sinai together, to visit some other solitaries who dwelt near where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. While they were at supper, another Théodule who was priest there, said, as if filled by a sad presentiment, "Who knows if we shall ever eat together in this world again?" The next morning before parting they were singing the morning hymns, when suddenly a band of savage Saracens appeared, who, having ravaged the surrounding country and slain all the Solitaries they found in their cells, had come to destroy the church and kill all whom they might find there. They attacked the Christians with the most fearful yells and outcries, dragged them out of the church and stripped them naked. Two of them seized the Priest Théodule and struck him with their swords; but he looked at them with the utmost calmness, for he felt no fear at the prospect of death. They again struck him, when he fell on his face, saying, "Praise be to God;" and as they pierced him with their swords he arranged his limbs in the most modest position to meet death. They then proceeded to separate those who still lived, apparently reserving the young for captivity, while the more aged looked for instant death ; but the barbarians made them a sign to fly, and they immediately ran towards Mount Sinai, knowing their enemies would not follow them there, for, independent of their traditionary reverence for the holy Mount, on a recent occasion fire had proceeded from the mountain and destroyed a band of Saracens who were about to attack the Solitaries.

St. Nil seeing his son Théodule among the captives, could not find in his heart to fly—his own danger was nothing, he thought only of his young son. But the boy made signs to his father to escape, and looked at him so beseechingly, that with a breaking heart he turned towards the Mount of God. He ascended it weeping and groaning under the weight of his misery; it seemed as if he could never be resigned to leave his beloved son in the hands of cruel infidels, who would probably sacrifice him in honour of their demon gods.

When the shades of evening began to cover the earth, the fugitives descended from the mountain. They found the priest Théodule still breathing, and could not refrain from shedding over him torrents of tears. The holy man occupied the few moments of life which remained to him, in exhorting them to adore the judgments of God, to imitate the patriarch Job, and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Remember," he said, "that God will recompense all your sufferings in Heaven with pleasures which eye hath not seen nor ear heard ; magnificent crowns are reserved for those who fight and gain the victory." He then gave them all the kiss of peace and fell asleep in Jesus. They washed his body with their tears, as they committed him to the earth to await a glorious resurrection.

Several persons had now gathered round the spot, and seeing the overwhelming grief of St. Nil, they enquired the cause; and while he was speaking to them of his son, a slave arrived who had escaped from the band. He told them of more murders that had been committed by them, and that he had heard from a captive who understood their language, that they intended to sacrifice Théodule in honour of the star Venus as soon as it appeared above the horizon on the following morning. He added that he had warned Théodule of his approaching fate, and urged him to fly with him, but he had refused in the fear of being pursued and taken.

This sad intelligence took every shadow of hope from the bereaved father. He looked on his lost child as the victim of the barbarians, and bowed down by sorrow, he sought his couch. Sleep came to give him a few minutes respite, but his slumbers were disturbed by dreams. He thought some one brought him a letter from his son, and gave him the title of the Blessed Théodule, a title which indicated martyrdom. He struggled against his overwhelming sorrow, in which he was aided by the example of a woman, the mother of one of the solitaries who had been murdered. Her grief for the loss of her son was swallowed up in her joy that he had obtained the martyr's crown. St. Nil was ashamed to find himself outdone by a woman ; he struggled

against nature, and became resigned to the will of God. But nevertheless he made a vow, that if God would yet permit him to see his son alive, he would devote himself to His service with more fervour than ever; and the God of love spoke to him in the visions of the night, saying, "The Lord will confirm the promise you have made, and will make you to see its effect." Now the officers of Pharan having heard of this incursion made in time of peace, determined to have satisfaction, and carried their complaints before the king of the Saracens, sending two couriers to demand that atonement should be made. King Amman replied, that he would repair the damage his people had committed and renew the treaty of peace. They accordingly sent ambassadors from Pharan to arrange matters, and St. Nil accompanied them in hopes of hearing tidings of his son.

On the twelfth day of their journey St. Nil was congratulating himself that he had to wait but four days more before receiving tidings of his lost son, when suddenly the party were surrounded by a band of Saracens. The escort fled, and St. Nil was made prisoner and firmly bound with ropes that he might not escape.

We will now return to Théodule. The account brought by the slave was true, he was destined to be sacrificed in honour of Venus the moment the star appeared above the horizon. On the previous evening every thing was prepared. The young man saw the altar on which he was to be immolated. The wine and the incense were there, and he felt that all was over unless God interfered in his behalf. The slave urged him to escape, but the night was dark, he was ignorant of the way, and he determined to remain and abandon himself to Providence. He passed the night prostrate on the earth; his body was overwhelmed with weariness, but his soul was continually raised to that God who alone could succour him in his extremity, and thus he prayed: "O my Lord and my God, Creator of the universe and the creatures it contains, who holdest in Thy hands the hearts of men, and who can bend the hardest and most barbarous, giving them feelings of mercy and tenderness; for when Thou willest it, even the most ferocious beasts have been hindered from hurting Thy servants. Thou hast arrested the activity of flame, preserving the young men in the midst of the fiery furnace; deign then, O my Saviour Jesus Christ, to make me feel thy powerful protection in this extremity, for I have but Thee who canst help me. Forbid, O Lord, that my blood serve as an oblation in a sacrifice offered to demons, and that my body, consecrated to Thee, serve as a victim to the demon of impurity. They would sacrifice me to this false divinity, but do Thou change into clemency the cruelty of these ferocious beasts. Save me, O Thou who knowest my desire to serve Thee with more fervour than ever. Restore me to Thy servant my father, that I may learn to imitate his virtues, for it is not the fear of death which causes me to pray. Make me to see that faith and confidence in Thee is more powerful to withdraw me from danger, than any human means could be. He who was to have been sacrificed with me has fled, and I have remained trusting in Thy providence; he has trusted to the swiftness of his feet, and I have confided in Thy Omnipotence. Will my faith in Thee be less powerful than his swiftness? He has saved himself in the darkness of the night, and, lo! the day begins to dawn. Will not Thy supreme wisdom save me, O Thou who enlightenest the living, that by Thy divine light they may run in the way of Thy commandments?"

While he wept and prayed, the star Venus appeared above the horizon. He arose from the earth and seated himself with his hands crossed on his bosom and his head bent on his knees. Again he cried to the Lord, "Have mercy on me, Thou who art the Sovereign disposer of life and death. Thou hast arrested the arm of Abraham raised to slay his son—Thou hast delivered Joseph from the hands of his brethren who would slay him—Thou hast rescued Thy servant Moses, and thy power has not diminished. Thou who hast delivered these Thy servants, deliver me also; hear my prayer, Father Omnipotent, and restore me to my earthly father, that my deliverance may give new cause to Thy servants to admire the greatness of Thy power." And thus he prayed until the sun arose, for the barbarians, drunk with wine, slept till the hour of sacrifice was past. At length they awoke and arose tumultuously, not a little astonished to find Théodule alone. When they found that the other had fled and he had remained, their hearts softened towards him and they treated him with some little kindness. His courage augmented in proportion as he recognized the protecting hand of God; and when they offered him food forbidden to an anchorite, and proposed he should go to the tents of the women, he refused both. They at length brought him to the town of Luca, and exposed him for sale.

But no one would purchase him at the price demanded, so they carried him to the gate of the town and hung a sword round his neck, in token that if no one bought him he should be slain. And now, seeing himself in greater danger than ever, Théodule began with tears to beseech the passers by to purchase him, assuring them they would lose nothing. At length one more touched with compassion gave the sum demanded, and carried the captive to his own home.

We must now return to St. Nil, whom we left in the hands of the Saracens. Hardly had they found him when a troop of Roman soldiers appeared on the neighbouring heights, which obliged the barbarians to flee and leave their captives at liberty.

They proceeded on their journey, and in four days arrived at the court of the king. St. Nil sighing for his lost son, vacillated between fear and hope, trying to discover in the eyes of those to whom he addressed his enquiries whether they had good or bad news to communicate. At length he learned that

his son still lived, and was then at the town of Eluse. They gave him two guides, and he proceeded with all speed to that place. On the way they met a young man who was bringing letters for him. When he saw St. Nil in the distance, he drew forth his letters and held them up, making the while signs of joy. At that moment St. Nil regretted his poverty, for he had nothing with which to reward the messenger.

Arrived at Eluse, he went straight to the church to offer up his thanks to that God who had so wonderfully preserved his son. The people of the town came in crowds to conduct him to the house where Théodule was. The young man hearing of his father's arrival ran to meet him, but St. Nil was so changed in his appearance by the anguish he had endured and the fatigues of travel, that at first Théodule did not recognize him. They rushed into each others arms, they embraced, they wept, and the weakness of old age overcoming the saintly old man, he fainted from excess of joy.

In their affliction both had vowed to God to serve Him with more fervour than ever. They returned together to the desert of Sinai, and continued for many years to be the admiration and the edification of the solitaries in that desert. The body of St. Nil was after his death carried to the church of SS. Peter and Paul in Constantinople.

EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, by thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour,
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace,
Thou whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father! guard our couch from ill,
Lull thy creatures to repose.
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine!

Mother, dear! to thy Son bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray,
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to the Cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view:
Lady blest! we beg of thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Blessed Trinity be near,
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let your angel's-guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise!

Let us learn from Jesus in the manger, what account we ought to make of the things of this world.—St. Francis of Sales.

A MAN OF ONE IDEA.

Mr. Spinks had but one sermon for the whole fifty-two Sundays in the year. Festival or fast day, it was all the same to him. He never preached but one sermon, and that "On the iniquities of popery." There was, 'tis true, a new head-piece and crupper. The text was changed, and the conclusion re-modelled. In other respects the dose was "the same as before!" Mr. Worledge listened with exemplary attention to this same sermon for eleven consecutive Sundays. On the twelfth his patience failed him; and he addressed a few words of expostulation to his minister. "Are not the pains you are at present taking, Mr Spinks, superfluous? There is not a single Roman Catholic in the parish, nor within nine miles of us. I am a Protestant. My tenants are all Protestants. The congregation, to a man, is Protestant. Your flock mainly consists of poor, unlettered, labouring men, passing their lives in the threshing-floor, at the plough-tail, or beside the wheat-stack. Ploughing, sowing, harrowing, and reaping make up the daily routine of their unambitious lives. What care they to know what false doctrines are embodied in the 'creed of Pope Pius IV.' or what erroneous views may be found in 'Dr. Bonaventura's Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary?' Worthy Mr. Spinks, *do* eschew controversy, and give us a plain and simple sermon on Christian practice." So spoke Mr. Worledge: but his pastor replied, "It is highly requisite that these poor people should know well the wickedness taught by Pope Pius IV. and perpetuated in his creed; and also what an improper and idolatrous psalter St. Bonaventura's psalter is. This truly reprehensible saint."—"They will never be able to pronounce his name!" ejaculated Mr. Worledge, with a sigh.—"Deserves every censure that can be cast upon him," continued Mr. Spinks, "and, for my own part, I shall never cease laying bare the iniquities of popery till it is rooted out of the land."—"My reverend friend," exclaimed the justice, "listen to me for one brief moment. During six days of the week I am compelled to hear and know much of strife, much of calumny, much of envy, much of unjust assertion and reckless conclusion: on the Sabbath I wish—is it unreasonable?—to be soothed by other and different topics. I desire to hear something inculcating reverence and obedience towards my Maker—charity and compassion towards my fellow creatures."—"Think of the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew!" cried Mr. Spinks, in sepulchral tones.—"It was a rash and barbarous act," remarked the justice, "and no Roman Catholic that I ever met with defended it."—"Oh! but you're mistaken. They do defend it, and admire it, and applaud it. A medal is struck annually at Rome to commemorate the event."—"An act of very questionable prudence," said Mr. Worledge quietly. "I gave the pope's cardinal secretary credit for better taste. But enough of this. Hearing so much that is exciting, and distressing, and discordant, during six days of the week, on the seventh, pray, pray allow me to listen to tidings of rest and peace."—"No peace with Rome," was Mr. Spink's solemn and inexorable response.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE WISH.

Oh, for a heart resigned to rest
On earth's on longer charming breast,
Like weaned child, content to lie
Where flowed a font that now is dry.

Oh, for a heart prepared to rise
At the first summons from the skies,
And leave the hollow joys of earth
For raptures of a heavenly birth.

Lord, by my pleasures, faint and brief,
And by my many hours of grief—
By every vow, and hope, and fear,
That holds from ill thy people dear,—

By every "staff of beauty" bent—
By every day-dream's tissue rent—
So from the world my heart set free,
Train it and take it unto thee!

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

(Concluded from page 595.)

The charity of Brother Martin was particularly conspicuous towards one who was assaulted by melancholy. When Martin perceived it, he employed means which succeeded in dissipating it. It was to me a subject of edification and admiration to see the mildness and dexterity by which he gained access to him. But his charity should not surprise us, when we reflect upon the motive which he proposed to himself in exercising it. He professed, as I found among his writings, to consider the person of Jesus Christ in all men, and to behave to them as he would have behaved to Jesus. Upon this principle he regulated his conduct towards others, especially towards the religious. His greatest charity, however, was for the soul. Not content with doing all in his power to help the companions with whom he lived, he never ceased (one may say) praying to Almighty God, and offering the most precious blood of Jesus Christ for the conversion of poor sinners, for the return of heretics and schismatics, and especially for the conversion of England, which he used to call "*the Island.*" He also studied diligently to fit himself, at least as far as his strength would permit, for labouring in favour of poor strayed souls.

While he was in the world, he wrote several little discourses to make to the people. In the congregation he made an inventory, in which he wrote texts from Scripture and the holy Fathers, also the most beautiful examples, which might one day serve for the advantage of those souls it should please our Lord to commit to his charge. Almighty God, however, in his just and adorable judgment, did not think proper to employ him; but would take him to himself, most certainly rewarding him, not only for what he did, but also for what he desired to do. Let us admire the virtue of this youth, and endeavour according to our abilities to imitate him, that so we may be one day admitted to the participation of that glory which I trust our dear brother now enjoys.

After narrating the life and virtues of this youth, I thought I would state some of the attestations which several religious have given of these same virtues, in order that the depth of his spirit may be more fully understood. This is what the Father Rector of this Retreat of St. Angelo wrote in the dead book. "Last night (27th June) was received from the retreat of Corneto the news of the death of (so he was almost universally called by all the religious) the angelical youth Brother Martin of Jesus Crucified, in the world Spolverini, born at S. Martino. He was about twenty-two years of age, had been four years in the congregation. It may truly be said of this youth, 'Consumatus in brevi explevit tempora multa' —In a short space he fulfilled a long time. He was most exact in the observance of the holy rule, and in the devotion to the passion of Jesus Christ, to the most holy sacrament, and to the ever blessed Madonna. In meekness and cheerfulness, especially in obedience and exactitude in his employments, in conformity to the most holy will of God, in the holy love of God and of his neighbour, in ingenious plans, whereby he wonderfully found means, not only of preventing defects in himself and others, but also of exercising the highest virtues—in silence and retirement, in modesty and detachment from the world, in delicacy of conscience without the least shadow of affectation, in patience and joy of heart, particularly during his long and tedious illness—in fine, in the exercise of every virtue he was a continual example for all who knew him; whence he was beloved by all, and considered by all a youth of evangelical manners. His disease was consumption, which slowly, in rather more than a year, terminated his life. We have well-grounded hope that he already enjoys in heaven the reward which his holy and innocent life procured for him, nevertheless the following suffrages will be offered for him," &c.

I have been favoured by another testimony of his virtues by a fellow novice and student, which, though somewhat prolix, I shall place here, as it will tend much to make known the virtues of Brother Martin. It is in these terms:

"I am not acquainted with many particulars concerning Brother Martin, as he was exceedingly reserved in speaking of himself and the system of life he adopted; and whenever I interrogated him, and tried by some pretext to draw him out, he immediately changed the conversation with some little jest, so that the case was hopeless. However, I noted down the virtues which were resplendent in him, and briefly add them here. I observed in the said Brother Martin great assiduity in the exercise of virtue, with a singular indifference to himself. No one ever perceived in him the least motion of anger or impatience. He was most careful in the custody of his eyes, which he never raised without necessity; he was equally mortified in every other respect, keeping his exterior composed; when seated, never leaning back; during his prayer, always remaining in the same position—that is, merely resting on what was before him; and when sometimes I observed to him that this might be prejudicial, to please me he conformed to our custom by taking a little more rest, but for a very short time, returning immediately to his first position. Also, in speaking, I believe that he weighed almost every word that he uttered. I never heard him say anything that had the least appearance of censure, murmur, or curiosity. He cared not to know what was going on; and if he heard any subject introduced contrary to this way of acting, he endeavoured to change it by calling to mind the presence of God, or saying some pious sentence, or proposing some new difficulty or innocent joke—this, of course, is to be

understood in walking time, or during recreation; for at other times he never spoke at all, not even to ask a question, unless for absolute necessity, when he could not be understood without a word.

"I believe it is rare to find one so mortified in eating, &c. At meals he always chose the worst, leaving what was better. He was a great lover of his own, abjection, and likewise that of his parents, house, country, &c.; taking great delight in some humiliating expressions, which were used sometimes in his regard, and also of his parents; he often repeated them for the amusement of others. His father received the nickname of Purgatoria in the country, whence our good brother being asked in his illness if he feared going to purgatory, he asked which purgatory they spoke of. In like manner he loved to speak of the poverty and unpolished manners of his relations, making much of this which, in reality, is of no great importance.

"There was no fear of his excusing himself when reprehended; on the contrary, he would reply in such a manner as to give others reason to believe him really guilty of the faults for which he was reprehended, though, in fact, they were either involuntary, or he was corrected by superiors purposely to exercise his virtue, or to teach others by his example; and when sometimes he was questioned by superiors how the case really was, he never answered so as to prove himself so entirely innocent as he was. He never showed any trouble or annoyance after a reprehension, but generally said something pleasant which edified all. He was most exact to the holy rule, and the minutest regulation, and endeavoured moreover to observe even those particular ones for the noviceship, and all the good practices he there learned; and what is more, he endeavoured also to make his fellow students observe them. During recreation, and while walking out, he always made some pious remark, and if any distracting subject was introduced, he immediately changed it by speaking of God or the Blessed Virgin Mary. He undertook to give out at recreation, besides the usual sentence which it is customary to say at the beginning, another relative to the Passion or the dolours; and was so punctual in saying it, morning and evening, that he never omitted it, unless prevented by some unforeseen event; and even during his severe and tedious illness, though very far advanced, having lost both voice and breath, and troubled with a continual cough—notwithstanding all this, he still would express his beautiful sentiments on the Passion, coming sometimes to recreation solely for this purpose. He was most obedient to all, even to those who were his inferiors, (either from being younger in the congregation, or for other reasons,) conforming himself as much as possible to the will of others, and endeavouring to please all.

"While he was sacristan, he always took care to give the remnants of the bread, which he diligently preserved, for poor children; he never wasted anything however small, but saved it, thinking all would be useful sometime or other. In fine, though so young in years, he was remarkable for his religious spirit, which gave wonderful edification. In winter, when we attended school in your reverence's room, I wished him to sit upon the chair and not upon the straw bed, as some were obliged for want of room. I feared it would be uncomfortable for him, who was already an invalid; however, the first seats were generally taken by some on their first entrance, so that Brother Martin was obliged to sit on the bed. I begged him to go in good time before the others and secure a seat for himself, which, to oblige me, he said he would; but having thought better of it, the following day, on entering school, he handed me a paper on which he had written, 'Permitte ut sedeam supra grabatum.' The rest of his conduct may be inferred from this slight incident, since on all occasions he acted with the same rigorous exactitude, avoiding everything that had a shadow of self-love, or that might be unpleasant to others, or the appearance of partiality to any, during the whole time I was with him. I ever observed in him the utmost equality of temper. He was full of charity towards all; and if, after finishing his own occupations, any time remained, he always went to assist his brethren in theirs till he was prevented from so doing by his illness. He observed to the minutest point whatever *general* advice was given out by his superiors. He was extremely fond of study, and had great success in it; but preferred Sundays and feasts in spiritual exercises, particularly in presence of the blessed Sacrament, to which he had an ardent devotion, speaking of it constantly with the most affectionate unction of spirit. In short, he complied in everything exactly with our holy observance. When it was time for the choir or for prayer, he thought of nothing else during his whole life, entirely taken up with the said exercises; if it were time for study or for walking, or for recreation, or for any other observance, he was equally attentive to fulfil his duty exactly, keeping himself always in the presence of God. I know that one of the religious, even by the advice of his spiritual father, took him for his model and example in a spiritual life; endeavouring to regulate his life, and square his actions upon those of the said brother, and with reason, since in him was found a true and perfect religious.

"Though reduced to extremity by his disease, and if I may say so, having little left but skin, with little breath, and in constant fever, he still endeavoured to comply with all the observances, and quite unconcerned about himself, he was always cheerful, and entertained others, particularly in recreation. But I will not write more of what I observed in him, but transcribe a few passages which he had written down for his improvement.

SPIRITUAL SENTIMENTS.

The unfruitful tree shall be cut down and cast into the fire; think then what fruit thou hast produced, and what thou dost at present bear, after so many helps, special helps to do good, and loving invitations

from Jesus. Think that thou art from God, of God, in God, and for God; see then if thou dost only the will of God, and if thou desirest only to please him. Think that he who does the will of God is perfect. Reflect that the Son of God became man for the love of thee, suffered, and shed every drop of his blood for thee—for thee, who art the vilest of all creatures; how canst thou then refuse to subject thyself to Him, and to procure Him all the honour in thy power?

Consider that thou canst not have greater happiness than in abandoning thyself into the arms of God; and after saying with thy whole heart, "Lord, I leave myself in thy arms; I am all thine, may thy most holy will be done in me."

My soul, what will it profit thee to be esteemed by men, even looked upon as a saint, if thou art not so before God? On the contrary, what harm will it be to thee to be despised by men, if thou be beloved by God? No one can enjoy peace who is opposed to the will of God. When thou art troubled, it is because thou willest not what God wills, and willest what God wills not.

Oh, how happy is the heart which seeks only God, loves only God, and to whom God suffices! *Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except loving God, and serving him alone!* Love God! Love God! Oh, how great a benefit is that of our holy vocation—from how many dangers has it delivered thee! What wouldst thou have done in the world? Correspond, therefore, with this great grace of our Lord. Mortal sin outrages God, and chases God from the heart.

Venial sin is not a small, but a very great evil; it displeases God, weakens grace, and deprives us of so many efficacious helps to resist our enemies, disposes and draws us by degrees into mortal sin, to the death of our souls.

Thou wilt die thou knowest not when or how, whether soon or late, by day or by night, in the sea or on land, in the town or country, whether in the grace of God or in sin, if it will be a passage from earth to heaven among the blessed, or from earth to hell among the damned, if to a happy or miserable eternity. Think well of this, and resolve to live always in the very dispositions in which thou wouldst die.

As thou hast lived, so thou wilt die. Live well, if thou wouldst die well; think on the last judgment, at which thou must undoubtedly appear, when all thy sins will be made known to the whole world, where thou wilt no longer be able to do penance, where thou wilt receive the final and irrevocable sentence. Do penance for the past, since thou art certain of having offended God, but not that he has pardoned thee. Humble thyself for the present, not knowing whether thou be pleasing or displeasing to God; fear for the future, since thou knowest not if thou wilt persevere in the grace of God.

Art thou charitable? He who has not charity is not a disciple of Jesus Christ, and has no share in the kingdom of Jesus.

COUNSELS RECEIVED IN CONFERENCE.

1. Often think of the passion of Jesus Christ.
2. Have a tender and filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.
3. Assiduity in recollection and prayer.
4. Purity of intention during employments.
5. To abandon thyself into the arms of Jesus.
6. To make great account of small things.
7. Rather die than commit even a small fault.
8. Every thought that disturbs one proceeds from the devil.
9. Every thought that destroys confidence in God is from the devil.
10. Paradise is not given to desires only but to deeds.
11. To perform every action as though all perfection consisted in it.
12. To do everything as though it were the last of our lives, especially approaching to the sacraments of confession and communion.
13. Think during each action how you would perform it if you saw our Lord himself observing you.
14. To raise the mind to God from time to time during work, renewing an intention of doing all for his glory.
15. In every undertaking, consider first if the thing be pleasing to God.
16. Study first to keep silence, and then learn how to speak.
17.

18. Prepare your heart before going to prayer.
19. One should never speak while influenced by anger.
20. That humility which produceth not generosity is false.
21. It is impossible that a person should not succeed who seeks blindly to do the will of God, and confides in Him.
22. Whatever God does is for our good. All is vanity which is not done for eternity. He who confides in the Lord cannot be lost. He who has planted the cross of Christ in his heart cares for nothing else.
23. Four counsels for always living in grace:

I.

II. Always choose rather to have less than more.

III. Always seek the lowest place, and be subject to all.

IV. Work and pray always; and let the will of God be ever accomplished in you.

24. All the good feelings we have for our neighbour are effected by the Spirit; and all contempt, rash judgment, and bitterness against him, come from our own malice and the suggestion of the devil.

The end.

AN ESSAY ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

(Second Notice.)

We proceed to make a few more extracts from this valuable work, in the full conviction that most of our readers, unable at this moment to lay hands on it, (all the copies of the first edition, we hear, have been sold, and many of a second now, in the press, have been forestalled already,) will be gratified by becoming still further acquainted with the mind and reasoning of the author. It is hardly possible, we remarked before, to explain in the short compass of an article for the Instructor, what we are to understand by "*Development* of Christian doctrine;" we gave one passage in our last, which seemed to approach the nearest to a definition, or rather, description of the term, and we will add now a few lines, which escaped our attention when first looking over the book, and which, perhaps, may elucidate a little more, Mr. Newman's meaning.

To rationalize is "to ask improperly how we are to *account for* certain things, to be unwilling to believe them unless they can be accounted for, that is, referred to something else as a cause, to some existing system, as harmonizing with them or taking them up into itself . . . Rationalism is characterised by two peculiarities, its love of systematising, and its basing its system upon personal experience or the evidence of sense."* If this be rationalism, it is totally distinct from development; to develop is to receive conclusions from received truth—to rationalize is to receive *nothing* but conclusions from received truths; to develop is positive, to rationalize is negative; the essence of development is to extend belief, of rationalism to contract it.

The Church of Christ, we know, is typified as a ship, exposed to terrific tempests, and often, in the opinion of the world, on the point of foundering. Many of us often affirm that never since it was launched have such errors beset it as the last three centuries have witnessed; but in Mr. Newman's opinion, it must have been surrounded by greater perils in the fifth century, yet, we know also, it triumphed at that time. Why, then, shall we 'bate our hopes now?

Dreary and waste was the condition of the Church, and forlorn her prospects, at the period which we have been reviewing. After the brief triumph which attended the conversion of Constantine, trouble and trial had returned upon her. Her imperial protectors were failing in power or in faith. Strange forms of evil were rising in the distance and were thronging for the conflict. There was but one spot in the whole of Christendom, one voice in the whole Episcopate, to which the faithful turned in hope in that miserable day. In the year 493, in the Pontificate of Gelasius, the whole of the East was in the hands of traitors to Chalcedon, and the whole of the West under the tyranny of the open enemies of Nicæa. Italy was the prey of robbers; mercenary bands had overrun its territory, and barbarians were seizing on its farms and settling in its villas. The peasants were thinned by famine and pestilence; Tuscany might be even said, as Gelasius words it, to contain scarcely a single inhabitant.* Odoacer was sinking before Theodoric, and the Pope was changing one Arian master for another. And as if one heresy were not enough, Pelagianism was spreading with the connivance of the Bishops in the territory of Picenum. In the North of the dismembered Empire, the Britons had first been infected by Pelagianism, and now were dispossessed by the heathen Saxons. The Armoricans still preserved a witness of Catholicism in the West of Gaul; but Picardy, Champange, and the neighbouring provinces, where some remnant of its supremacy had been found, had lately submitted to the yet heathen Clovis. The Arian kingdoms of Burgundy in France, and of the Visigoths in Aquitaine and Spain, oppressed a zealous and Catholic clergy. Africa was in still more deplorable condition under the cruel sway of the Vandal Gundamond: the people indeed uncorrupted by the heresy,† but their clergy in exile and their worship suspended. While such was the state of the Latins what had happened in the East? Acacius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, had secretly taken part against the Council of Chalcedon and was under Papal excommunication. Nearly all the whole East had sided with Acacius, and a schism had begun between East and West, which lasted for thirty-five years. The Henoticon was in force, and at the Imperial command had been signed by all the Patriarchs and Bishops throughout the Eastern Empire.‡ In Armenia the Churches were ripening for the pure Eutychianism which they adopted in the following Century; and in Egypt the Acephali had already broken off from the Monophysite Patriarch, were extending in the east and west of the country, and preferred the loss of the Episcopal Succession to the reception of the Council of Chalcedon. And while Monophysites or their favourers occupied the Churches of the Eastern Empire, Nestorianism was making progress in the territories beyond it. Barsumas had filled the See of Nisibis, Theodore was read in the schools of Persia, and the successive Catholics of Seleucia had abolished Monachism and were secularizing the clergy.

If then there is now a form of Christianity such, that it extends throughout the world, though with varying measures of prominence or prosperity in separate places;—that it lies under the power of sovereigns and magistrates, in different ways alien to its faith;—that flourishing nations and great empires, professing or tolerating the Christian name, lie over against it as antagonists;—that schools of philosophy and learning are supporting theories, and following out conclusions, hostile to it, and establishing an exegetical system subversive of its Scriptures;—that it has lost whole Churches by schism, and is now opposed by powerful communions once part of itself;—that it has been altogether or almost driven from some countries;—that in others its line of teachers is overlaid, its flocks oppressed, its Churches occupied, its property held by what may be called a duplicate succession;—that in others its members are degenerate and corrupt, and surpassed in conscientiousness and in virtue, as in gifts of intellect, by the very heretics whom it condemns;—that heresies are rife and bishops negligent within its own pale;—and that amid its disorders and fears there is but one Voice for whose decisions its people wait with

* Tracts for the Times, No. 73, § 1, init.

* Gibbon, Hist. ch. 36, fin.

† Ibid.

‡ Gibbon, Hist. ch. 47.

trust, one Name and one See to which they look with hope, and that name Peter, and that see Rome;—such a religion is not unlike the Christianity of the fifth and sixth Centuries.

The following beautiful passage merits the serious consideration of not a few of our separated, must we add, *prejudiced* brethren.

Next, it must be observed, that the tone of the devotion paid to St. Mary is altogether distinct from that which is paid to Her Eternal Son, and to the Holy Trinity, as we shall certainly allow on inspection of the Catholic services. The supreme and true worship paid to the Almighty is severe, profound, awful. Christ is addressed as true God, while He is true Man; as our Creator and Judge, while He is most loving, tender, and gracious. On the other hand, towards St. Mary the language employed is affectionate and ardent, as towards a mere child of Adam; though subdued, as coming from her sinful kindred. How different, for instance, is the tone of the *Dies Iræ* from that of the *Stabat Mater*. In the "Tristis et afflicta Mater Unigeniti," in the "Mater fons amoris," the "Sancta Mater," the "Virgo virginum præclara Mihi jam non eis amara, Pœnas mecum divide," the "Fac me verè tecum flere" we have an expression of the feelings with which we regard one who is a creature and a mere human being; but in the "Rex tremendæ majestatis qui salvandos salvis gratis, salva me Fons pietatis," the "Ne me perdas illâ die," the "Juste judex ultionis, donum fac remissionis," the "Oro supplex et acclinis, cor contritum quasi cinis," the "Pie Jesu Domine dona eis requiem," we hear the voice of the creature raised in hope and love, yet in deep awe to his Creator, Infinite Benefactor, and Judge. Or again how distinct is the language of the Breviary Services on the Festival of Pentecost, or of the Holy Trinity, from the language of the Services for the Assumption! How indescribably majestic, solemn, and soothing is the "Veni Creator Spiritus," the "Altissimi donum Dei, Fons vivus, ignis, charitas," or the "Vera et una Trinitas, una et summa Deitas, sancta et una Deitas," the "Spes nostra, salus nostra, honor noster, O beata Trinitas," the "Charitas Pater, gratia Filius communicatio Spiritus Sanctus, O beata Trinitas;" "Libera nos, salva nos, vivifica nos, O beata Trinitas!" How gentle, on the contrary, how full of sympathy and affection, how stirring and animating, in the Office for the Assumption, is the "Virgo prudentissima, quo progrederis, quasi aurora valde rutilans? filia Sion, tota formosa et suavis es, pulcra ut luna, electa ut sol;" the "Sicut dies verni circumdabant eam flores rosarum, et lilia convallium;" the "Maria Virgo assumpta est ad æthereum thalamum in quo Rex regum stellato sedet solio;" and the "Gaudent Angeli, laudantes benedicunt Dominum." Or again. the Antiphon, "Ad te clamamus exules filii Hevæ, ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle," and "Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte," and "O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria." Or the Hymn, "Ave Maris stella, Dei Mater alma," and "Virgo singularis, inter omnes mitis, nos, culpis solutos, mites fac et castos."

Nor does it avail to object that, in this contrast of devotional exercises, the human will supplant the Divine, from the infirmity of our nature; for I repeat, the question is one of fact whether it was done so. And next it must be asked, whether the character of Protestant devotion towards our Lord has been that of worship at all; and not rather such as we pay to an excellent human being, that is, no higher devotion than that which Catholics pay to St. Mary, differing from it, however, in being familiar, rude, and earthly. Carnal minds will ever create a carnal worship for themselves; and to forbid them the service of the Saints will have no tendency to teach the worship of God.

Moreover, it must be observed, what is very important, that great and constant as is the devotion which the Catholic pays to St. Mary, it has a special province, and has far more connexion with the public services and the festive aspect of Christianity, and with certain extraordinary offices which she holds, than with what is strictly personal and primary in religion. Two instances will serve in illustration, and they are but samples of many others.*

How to distinguish "the true development of an idea from its corruptions and perversions," induces the writer to make the following reflection.

When we consider the succession of ages during which the Catholic system has endured, the severity of the trials it has undergone, the sudden and wonderful changes without and within which have befallen it, the incessant mental activity and the intellectual gifts of its maintainers, the enthusiasm which it has kindled, the fury of the controversies which have been carried on among its professors, the impetuosity of the assaults made upon it, the ever-increasing responsibilities to which it has been committed by the continuous development of its dogmas, it is quite inconceivable that it should not have been broken up and lost, were it a corruption of Christianity. Yet it is still living, if there be a living religion or philosophy in the world; vigorous energetic, persuasive, progressive; *vires acquirit eundo;* it grows and is not overgrown; it spreads out, yet is not enfeebled; it is ever germinating, yet ever consistent with itself. Corruptions indeed are to be found which sleep and are suspended; and these are usually called "decays:" such is not the case with Catholicity; it does not sleep, it is not stationary even now; and that its long series of developments should be corruptions would be an instance of sustained error, so novel, so unaccountable, so preternatural as to be little short of a miracle, and to rival those manifestations of Divine Power which constitute the evidence of Christianity. We sometimes view with surprise and awe the degree of pain and disarrangement which the human frame can undergo without succumbing; yet at length there comes an end. Fevers have their crisis, fatal or favourable; but this corruption of a thousand years, if corruption it be, has ever been growing nearer death, yet never reaching it, and has been strengthened, not debilitated, by its excesses.

Omitting two or three paragraphs, we see the author supporting his theme in this manner.

Eusebius has set before us this attribute of Catholicism in a passage in his history. "These attempts," he says, speaking of the acts of the enemy, "did not long avail him, Truth ever consolidating itself, and, as time goes on, shining into broader day. For, while the devices of adversaries were extinguished at once, undone by their very impetuosity,—one heresy after another presenting its own novelty, the former specimens ever dissolving and wasting variously in manifold and multiform shapes,—the brightness of the Catholic and only true Church went forward increasing and enlarging, yet ever in the same things, and in the same way, beaming on the whole race of Greeks and barbarians with the awfulness, and simplicity, and

* *E. g.* the "De Imitatione," the "Introduction à la Vie Dêvote," the Spiritual Combat," the "Anima Divota," the "Paradisus Animæ," the Regula Cleri," the "Garden of the Soul," the "Journal of Meditations," &c. &c.

nobleness, and sobriety, and purity of its divine polity and philosophy. Thus the calumny against our whole creed died with its day, and there continued alone our Discipline, sovereign among all, and acknowledged to be pre-eminent in awfulness, sobriety, and divine and philosophical doctrines: so that no one of this day dares to cast any base reproach upon our faith, nor any such calumny, such as it was once usual for our enemies to use."*

The psalmist says, "We went through fire and water;" nor is it possible to imagine trials fiercer or more various than those from which the Catholicism has come forth uninjured, as out of the Egyptian sea or the Babylonian furnace. First of all were the bitter persecutions of the Pagan Empire in the early centuries; then its sudden conversion, the liberty of Christian worship, the development of the *cultus sanctorum*, and the reception of Monachism into the ecclesiastical system. Then came the irruption of the barbarians; and then occupation of the *orbis terrarum*, first from the North, then by the Saracens from the South. Meanwhile the anxious and protracted controversy concerning the Incarnation hung like some terrible disease upon the faith of the Church. Then came the time of thick darkness; and afterwards two great struggles, one with the material power, the other with the intellect, of the world, terminating in the ecclesiastical monarchy, and in the theology of the schools. And lastly came the great changes consequent upon the controversies of the sixteenth century. Is it conceivable that any one of those heresies, with which ecclesiastical history abounds, should have gone through a hundredth part of those trials, yet have come out of them so nearly what it was before, as Catholicism has done? Could such a theology as Arianism have lasted through the scholastic contest? or Montanism have borne the possession of the world, without coming to a crisis, and failing? or could the imbecility of the Manichean system, as religion, have escaped exposure, had it been brought into conflict with the barbarians of the Empire, or the feudal system?

A similar contrast discovers itself in the effects and fortunes of certain influential principles or usuages, which have both been introduced into the Catholic system, and are seen in operation elsewhere. When a system really is corrupt, powerful agents, when applied to it, do but develop that corruption, and bring it the more speedily to an end. They stimulate it preternaturally; it puts forth its strength, and dies in some memorable act. Very different has been the history of Catholicism, when it has committed itself to such formidable influences. It has borne, and can bear, principles or doctrines which in other systems of religion quickly degenerate into fanaticism or infidelity. This might be shown at great length in the history of the Aristotelic philosophy within and without the Church; or in the history of Monachism, or of Mysticism;—not that there has not been at first a conflict between these powerful and unruly elements and the Divine System into which they were entering, but that it ended in the victory of Catholicism. The theology of St. Thomas, nay of the Church of his period, is built on that very Aristotelism, which the early Fathers denounce as the source of all misbelief. and in particular of the Arian and Monophysite heresies. The exercises of asceticism, which are so graceful in St. Antony, so touching in St. Basil, and so awful in St. Germanus, do but become a melancholy and gloomy superstition even in the most pious persons who are cut off from Catholic communion. And while the highest devotion in the Church is the mystical, and contemplation has been the token of the most singularly favoured Saints, we need not look deeply into the history of modern sects, for evidence of the excesses in conduct, or the errors in doctrine, to which mystics have been led, who have boasted of their possession of reformed truth, and have rejected what they called the corruptions of Catholicism.

It is true, there have been seasons when, from the operation of external or internal causes, the Church has been thrown into what was almost a state of *deliquium*; but her wonderful revivals, while the world was triumphing over her, is a further evidence of the absence of corruption, in the system of doctrine and worship into which she has developed. If corruption be an incipient disorganization, surely an abrupt and absolute recurrence to such a state, after an interval during which it has ceased to be, is even less conceivable than its sustained existence. Now this is the case with the revivals I speak of. After violent exertion men are exhausted and fall asleep; they awake the same as before, refreshed by the temporary cessation of their activity; and such has been the slumber and such the restoration of the Church. She pauses in her course, and almost suspends her functions; she rises again, and she is herself once more; all things are in their place and ready for action. Doctrine is where it was, and usage, and precedence, and principle, and policy; there may be changes, but they are consolidations or adaptations; all is unequivocal and determinate, with an identity which there is no disputing. Indeed it is one of the most popular charges against the Catholic Church at this very time, that she is "incorrigible;"—change she cannot, if we listen to St. Athanasius or St. Leo; change she never will, if we believe the controversialist or alarmist of the present day.

Mr. Newman appears to come somewhat abruptly to a conclusion, not of his argument but of his book. We believe that his fiercest foe, who has purchased the book only for the purpose of reviewing and condemning it, cannot resist the influence which the last simple and impressive paragraph must leave behind it.

. . . . . .

Such were the thoughts concerning the "Blessed Vision of Peace," of one whose long-continued petition had been that the most Merciful would not despise the work of His own Hands, nor leave him to himself;—while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear Reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past; nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long.

NUNC DIMITTIS SERVUM TUUM, DOMINE,
SECUNDUM VERBUM TUUM IN PACE:
QUI VIDERUNT OCULI MEI SALUTARE TUUM.*

* Euseb. Hist. iv. 7, ap. Church of the Fathers, p. 285.

* Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace. Because my eyes have seen thy salvation—Luke, ii, 29, 30.

THE FOSSIL ELK OF IRELAND.

(Cervus megaceros.)

AMONG the fossil relics which our British Islands afford, none are more interesting than those of a species of elk now extinct, which once abounded in the localities where its remains are discovered. The interest which attaches to the remains of the animal we propose to examine, does not arise from the circumstance of the vaguely-remote epoch in which it existed, nor from its having witnessed, when it existed, a condition of the earth's surface unlike any thing at present, changed by some contemporary catastrophe, the first of many which have succeeded;—on the contrary, the interest we feel is from the circumstance that its relics indicate a condition of things in our latitude precisely similar to what now obtains,—that the date of its extinction is, geologically speaking, very recent,—that in all probability it was coeval with man, and formed one of the objects of chase to the savage hunter in a thinly peopled country. If we be right in these conjectures, the bones of the *fossil elk* will belong to a later epoch than most of the mammalia whose fossil relics have been yet discovered.

In the cave at Kirkdale in Yorkshire, (the cave being a natural fissure in a rock of *oolite*, a sort of limestone, which abounds with *corals* and portions of *echini* throughout its substance,) Dr. Buckland found the fossil relics of twenty-two species of animals, principally mammalia: viz., of *Carnivora*, the hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, weasel, and an unknown animal about the size of a wolf;—of *Pachydermata*, the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and horse;—of *Ruminantia*, the ox, and three species of deer;—of *Rodentia*, the rabbit, water-rat, and mouse;—of *Birds*, the raven, pigeon, lark, and a small species of duck. The relics of these animals (consisting of their bones and teeth) were covered by a layer of fine mud, spread over the floor of the cave, which, on the removal of the mud, "was found to be strewed all over, like a dog-kennel, from one end to the other," with hundreds of teeth, and "broken and splintered fragments of bones of all the animals above enumerated." * * * "Those of the larger animals, elephant and rhinoceros, were found coextensively with all the rest." Many had evidently been gnawed, and exhibited teeth-marks which fitted the canine teeth of the hyæna that occur in the cave, and which appears to have been a third larger than any species now existing. Every circumstance, indeed, conspired to prove that this cave had long been the unmolested resort of these ferocious animals, which had dragged in the smaller animals whole, the larger piecemeal, in order to devour them at leisure,—nay, that they often devoured each other.

The coeval existence in our island (and we may add on the adjacent continent of Europe, as the caverns of Gailenreuth Muggendorf, Bauman, Fouvent, &c., testify) of the hyæna, tiger, bear *(Ursus spelæus*)*, and other animals, with the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, all appearing to be distinct from now-extant species, but certainly agreeing with them in habits and manners, indicates the climate and the productions in these latitudes to have been very different during their epoch from what we now experience, and we are thrown back upon a remote era. Yet is that era *not geologically* remote, for, long before the land existed where they dwelt, the sea had deposited that rock of oolite, the caverns of which some of them habitually haunted and in which the bones of all are found. Respecting these fossil-bones, Dr. Buckland observes:—"The facts I have collected seem calculated to throw an important light on the state of our *planet at a period antecedent to the last great convulsion* that has affected its *surface*; and I may add that they afford one of the most complete and satisfactory chains of consistent circumstantial evidence I have ever met with in the course of my geological investigations." It is, however, to a still more recent era than that alluded to by Dr. Buckland that the existence of our noble elk is, we think, to be attributed, at least as far as it regards our own islands.

The bones of the "Fossil Elk of Ireland, *(Cervus megaceros)* occur in the greatest abundance, as is implied by the name, in the bogs and marl-pits of that country. They are also found in similar situations in the Isle of Man, as well as in the alluvial strata of England, and have been dug up also in France, Germany, and Italy, where, according to Cuvier, they were found in the same strata with bones of elephants. Ireland, however, appears to have been the congenial habit of this animal. There its remains are, in some districts, so common, that they have ceased to be regarded as *curiosities*, and are used for any common purpose, or are neglected till they become destroyed. It is very seldom, however, that an entire skeleton has been discovered, the remains consisting for the most part of skulls, with the horns attached, and various separate bones disposed without any order. They generally occur in a deposit of shell-marl, covered by a layer of peat, and resting on clay. In this situation one of the few entire skeletons discovered is stated to have occurred. "Most of the bones," says Archdeacon Maunsell, "and heads, eight in number, were found in the marl; many of them, however, appeared to rest on the clay, and to be merely covered with the marl." It is worthy of remark that the fossil remains of no other animals are mingled with them. Of the skeleton to which we have alluded, and which graces the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, Mr. Hart drew up a memoir. "This magnificent skeleton," he observes, "is perfect in every single bone of the frame-work which contributes to form a part of its general outline; the spine, the chest, the pelvis, and the extremities are all complete in this respect; and, when surmounted by the head and beautifully expanded antlers, which extend out to a distance of nearly six feet on either side, forms a splended display of the reliques of the former grandeur of the animal kingdom, and carries back the imagination to a period when whole herds of this noble animal wandered at large over the face of the country."

The following are a few points of its admeasurement:

	ft.	in.
Length of the head	1	8¾
Breadth between the orbits		10½
Distance between the tip of the horns, measured by the skull	11	10
Ditto, in a straight line across	9	2
Length of each horn	5	9
Greatest breadth of palm	2	9
Circumference of the beam at the root of the brow-antler	1	0¼
Length of spine	10	10
Height to the top of the back	6	6
Ditto, to the highest point of the tip of the horn	10	4

None of the deer tribe of the present day can at all be compared for magnitude to this fossil species. It is singular, however, that until Cuvier pointed out the difference, the antlers were generally regarded as identical with those of the moose or elk of North America. Independently of size, however, they differ in many essential points: for example, in the moose-deer the horn has two palms, a lesser one growing forward from the front of the beam where the principal palm begins to expand: the palm of the moose-deer's horn is directed backwards, and is broadest next the beam. In the fossil animal, the palm increases in breadth as it proceeds, which it does in a lateral direction; nor are there fewer differential characters in the skull and general skeletons.

Of the habits of the *Cervus megaceros* we can only form a conjecture. The size and lateral direction of its spreading antlers must have prevented its inhabiting the dense forest,—it must have dwelt on the heath-clad hills,—there, armed with the most powerful weapons of self-defence, it ranged secure from the assaults of any single aggressor, capable of dashing down the wolf or hyæna with a blow. Did man exist coeval with this animal in its native land? Most probably Yes. A head of the fossil elk, together with the several urns and stone hatchets, were discovered in Germany in the same drain. "In the 'Archaiologia Britannica' is a letter of the Countess of Moira, giving an account of a human body found in *gravel* under eleven feet of peat, soaked in the bog-water: it was in good preservation, and completely clothed in *antique garments of hair*," conjectured to be that of the fossil elk. But what is still more conclusive, there exists a rib in the Royal Dublin Society, evidently bearing token of having been wounded by some sharp instrument, which remained long fixed in the wound, but had not penetrated so

*In the cave of Gailenreuth the remains of this gigantic species are found in incredible numbers as well as in those of Muggendorf and Bauman.

deep as to destroy the creature's life: it was such a wound as the head of an arrow would produce.

Of the causes which involved the fossil elk in destruction,—whether one general catastrophe universally affected the whole race wherever existing,—whether local causes, operating at different epochs, have successfully extinguished the species, which might have lingered the longest in Ireland,—or whether extermination has been effected by the hand of man, whose agency upon the animal creation is every where apparent, no decided opinion can yet be given. We know it existed, and that is all; its history and its fate are buried beneath the shadow of years gone by.

THE OLD HARP.

A HARP was found in a ruin'd land:
From its resting-place they drew it forth;
But now beneath no poet's hand
It sounded to a lay of mirth.
The ancient harpers all were dead,
Or gone to a distant shore;
The ancient spirit of song had fled,
Or lived and moved no more.

"So let us burn the harp!" they cried,
"No spirit sways the string!"
"Spare it," a kinder voice replied;
"It *answers* as we sing;
And when the trees are waving all
In the wind that sweeps the sky;
To some sublime aërial call
We hear it give reply."

So spake a reverend old man, gray,
And deeply his soul was stirr'd;
For often, in his youthful day,
The harper's strains he heard.
So they all revered the harp, and well
It was that they did so;
For a harper came in the land to dwell,
And made the music flow.

He woke the lays their father's sung,
And, as he swept the string,
And the harp in chords so solemn rung,
And the children learnt to sing,
They thought of the dead, and the old man said,
As he listened to the strain,
"*The ancient spirit is not dead,*
But lives and moves again."

IMMODERATE DESIRES.

ALL immoderations are enemies; as to health, so to peace. He that desires wants as much as he that hath nothing. The drunken man is as thirsty as the sweating traveller. Hence are the studies, cares, fears, jealousies, hopes, griefs, envies, wishes, platforms of achieving, alterations of purposes, and a thousand like; whereof each one is enough to make his life troublesome. One is sick of his neighbour's field, whose misshapen angles disfigure his, and hinder his lordship of entireness: what he hath is not regarded, for the want of what he cannot have. Another feeds on crusts, to purchase what he must leave, perhaps, to a fool; or, which is not much better, to a prodigal heir. Another, in the extremity of covetous folly, chooses to die an unpitied death; hanging himself for the fall of the market, while the commons laugh at that loss, and in their speeches epitaph upon him, and say, "He lived as a wolf, and died as a dog." One cares not what attendance, he dances all hours, on whose stairs he sits, what vices he soothes, what deformities he imitates, what servile office he doth, in a hope to rise. Another stomachs the covered head and stiff knee of his inferior; angry that other men think him not so good as he thinks himself. Another eats his own heart with envy at the richer furniture, and better estate, or more honour of his neighbour; thinking his own not good because another hath better. Another vexeth him with a word of disgrace, passed from the mouth of an enemy, which he neither can digest nor cast up; resolving, because another will be his enemy, to be his own. These humours are as manifold as there are men that seem prosperous. For the avoiding of all which ridiculous and yet spiteful inconveniences, the mind must be settled in a persuasion of the worthlessness of these outward things.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.

She is not afraid of the snow.—*Prov.* xxxi. 21.

RIGHT dear to me, as well may be,
That clear and even mind;
So temperate in prosperity,
In sorrow firm and kind!

To see her on life's holidays
How mirthfully look she;
While all along its common ways
Who fares so modestly?

Her heart it dwells in simpleness,
Nor can she veil the light
That beams from one so formed to bless
Each season, dark or bright.

She was not changed when sorrow came
That awed the sternest men;
It rather seemed, she kept her flame
To comfort us till then.

But sorrow passed, and others smiled,
With happiness once more;
And she drew back,—the Spirit mild
She still had been before.

Lady, thou mind'st me of a flower,
Each child of nature knows,
Possess'd like thee of rarest power,
My steadfast Christmas rose.

All through the year 'tis evergreen,
In Winter bright alone,
It shrinks when Spring's gay tribe is seen,
And blushes to be gone.

S. R.

How to get a tight ring off a finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the end of the needle with care under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

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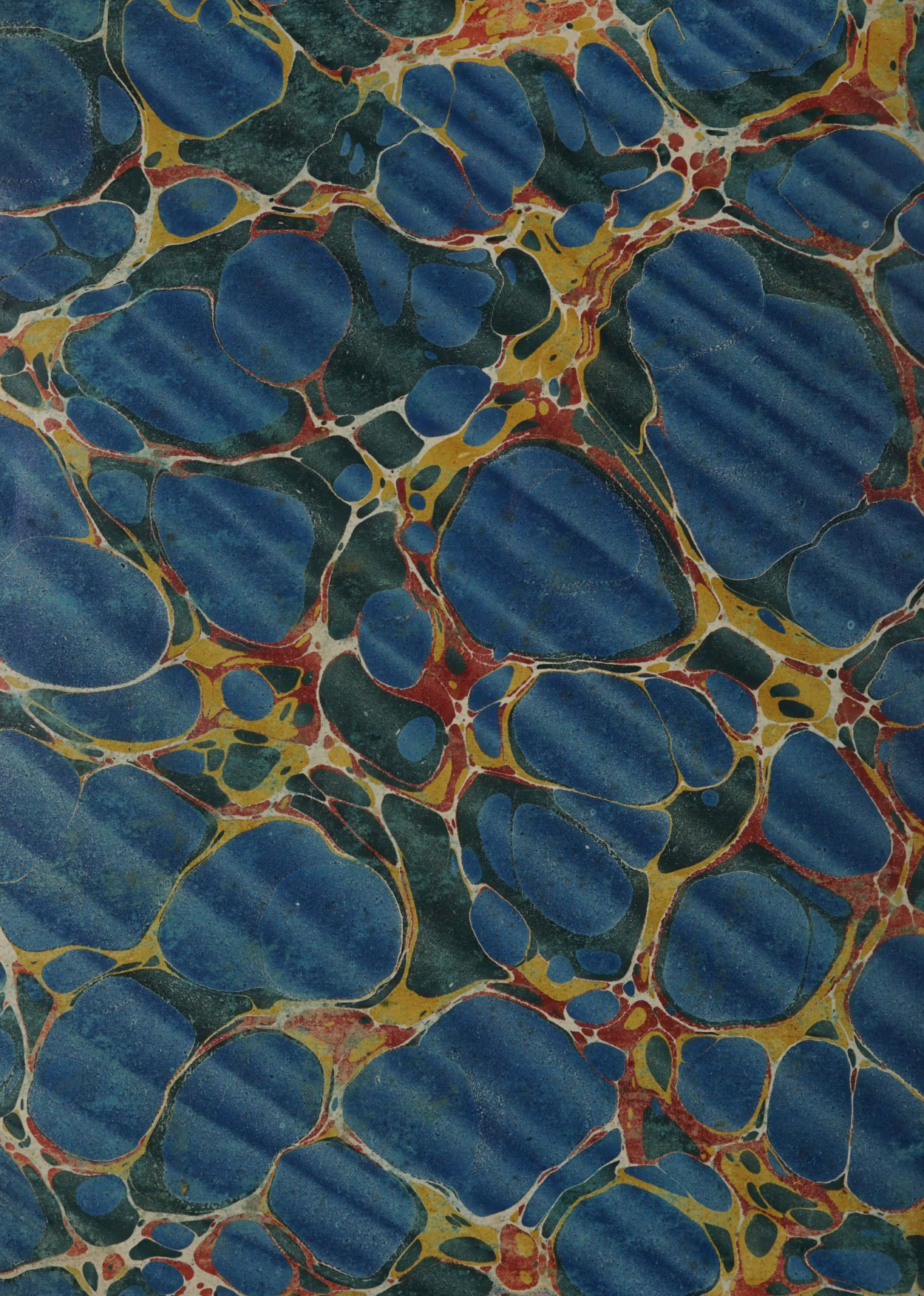

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